MEMORIAL.

Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD COAN, D. D.

Entered the Mission Field 1849,

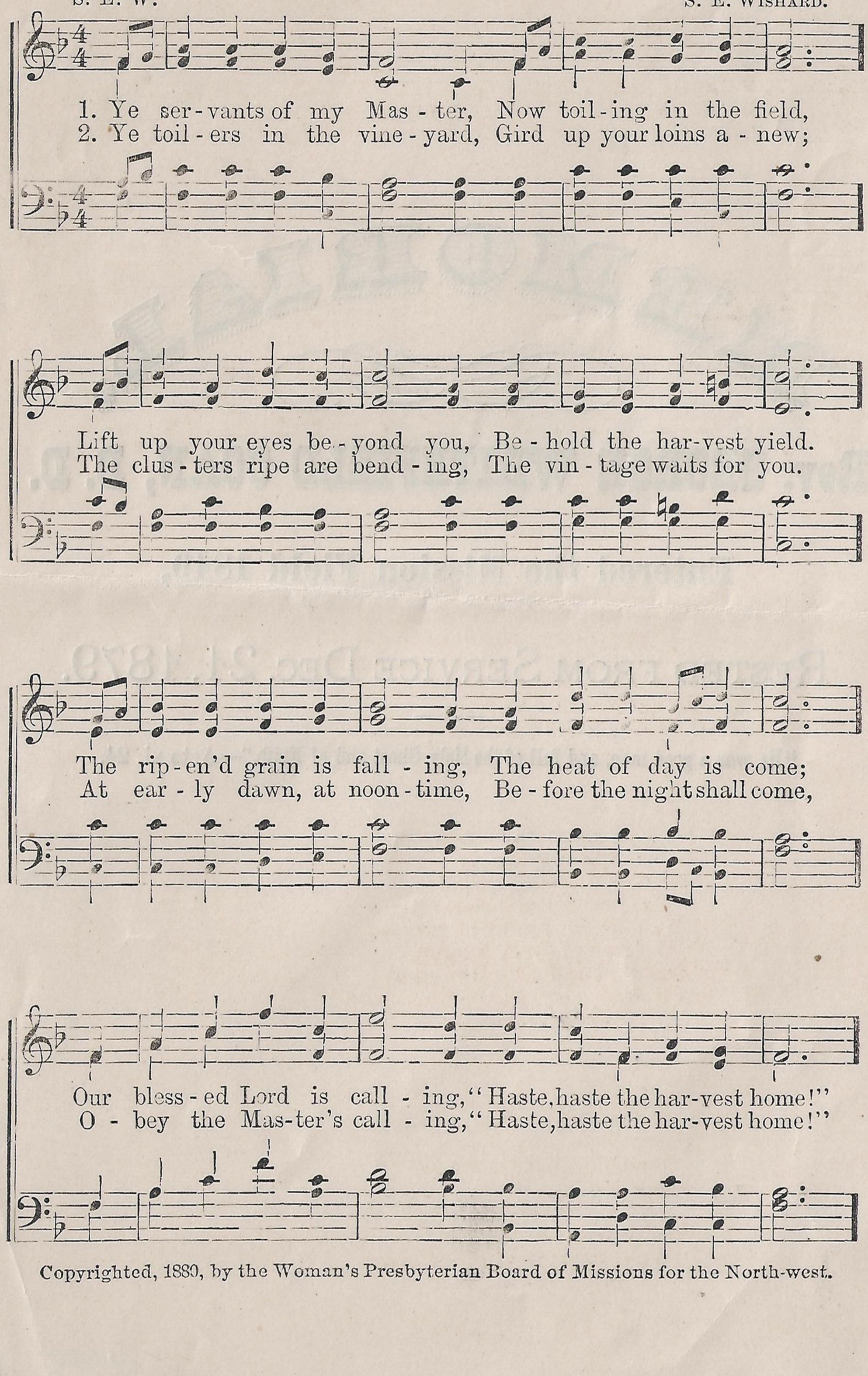
RESTED FROM SERVICE DEC. 21, 1879.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith."—Acts xi. 24.

A Voice from God's Departing Servant.

[Dr. Coan, during the moments of his last illness, while waiting for his release, wrote to Mrs. Rhea, his former associate in mission work: "I have sweet visions in the night watches, and when lying awake the Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them to me." These words were quoted in the April number of the "Woman's Work for Woman," and suggested the following hymn.]

S. E. W. S. E. WISHARD.


1. Ye ser-vants of my Mas-ter, Now toil-ing in the field,
2. Ye toil-ers in the vine-yard, Gird up your loins a-new;
Lift up your eyes be-yond you, Be-hold the har-vest yield.
The clus-ters ripe are bend-ing, The vin-tage waits for you.
The rip-en'd grain is fall-ing, The heat of day is come;
At ear-ly dawn, at noon-time, Be-fore the night shall come,
Our bless-ed Lord is call-ing, "Haste, haste the har-vest home!"
O-bey the Mas-ter's call-ing, "Haste, haste the har-vest home!"

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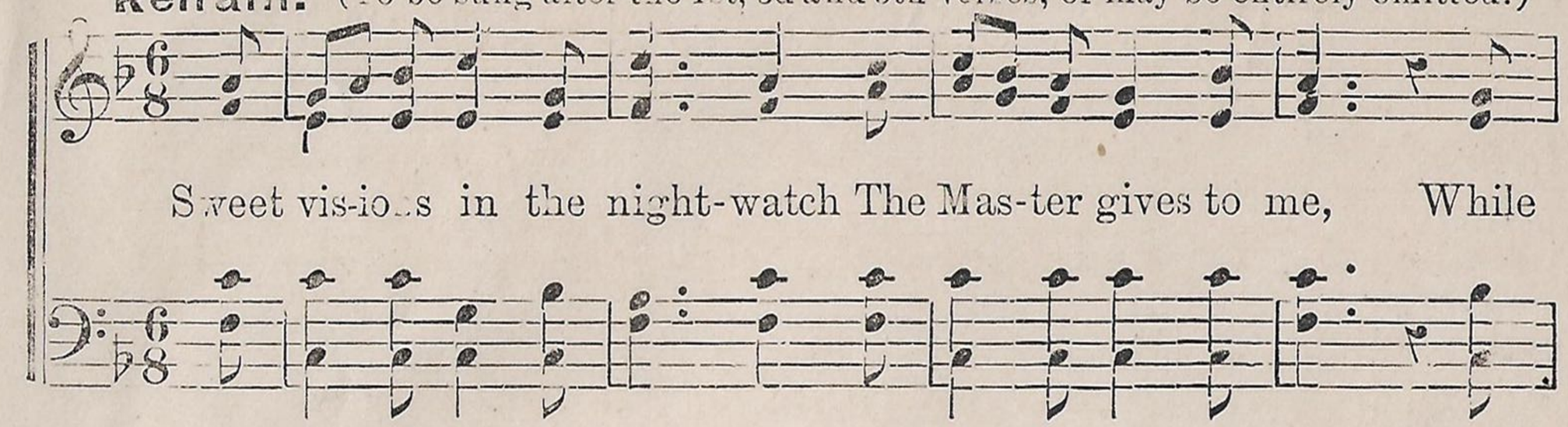
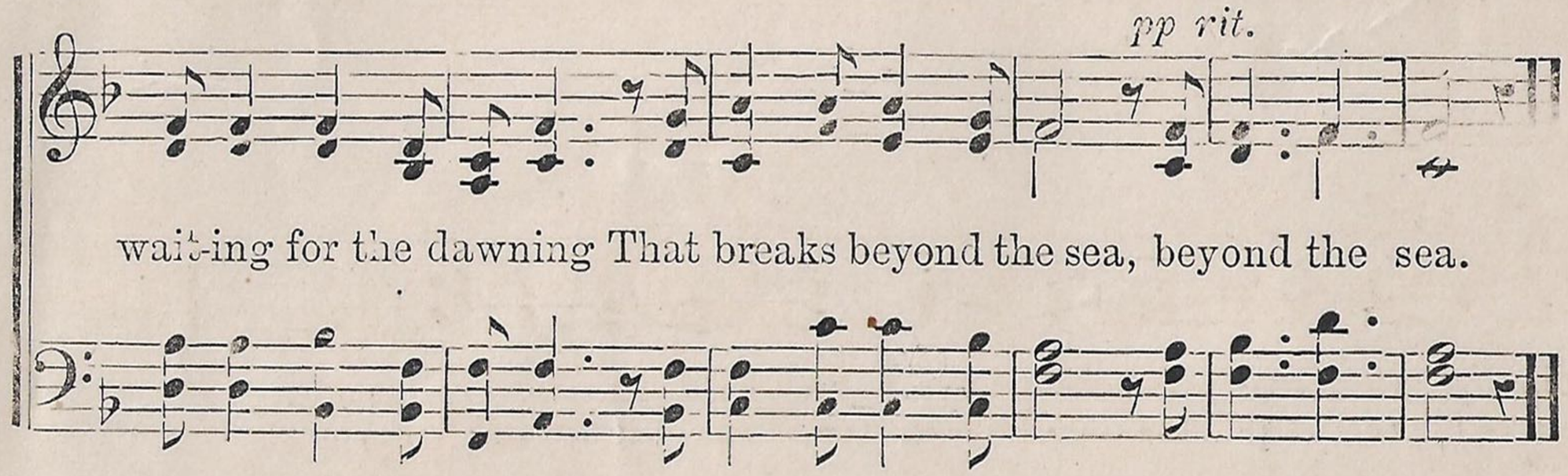
A Voice from God's Departing Servant--*Concluded.*

Refrain. (To be sung after the 1st, 3d and 5th verses, or may be entirely omitted.)





3. From eastern hill and valley,
   By heathen nations trod,
To western shore and mountain
   There comes the call of God—
"Give me your sons and daughters,
   Yes, let them gladly come
To gather fruit eternal,
   And haste the harvest home."
      Sweet visions, etc.

4. See! in the midst of heaven,
   Behold the angel fly
With everlasting gospel—
   Oh, hear his welcome cry—
'Ye nations, kindreds, peoples,
   Ye men of every tongue,
Fear God and give Him glory,
   Haste! haste the harvest home!"
      Sweet visions, etc.

5. I'm going on before you,
   My work with you is done—
The toil was ever blessed—
   'Twas for that Only Son.
Still follow where God leadeth,
   I'll wait until you come;
Then at the feet of Jesus,
   We'll shout the harvest home.
      Sweet visions, etc.